A SONG OF FATHERLAND.

I've womby to dy I so wand real west. Of me a continue travel of large in Homor. But, oh, for the kind that bore met

Oh, for the steat old hand Of two sy Bea and winding glosi And rearing flood and sounding strand. I've stood where stands in pillared pride The shrine of Jyva's spear shaking daughter, And bumble difference statined the tide

Of free Greek seas with heaps of slau after. I've shood upon the rocky crest Where Joye's projet eagle spreads his pinion

Where looked the god far east, far west, And all he saw was Rome's dominion. I've seen the domes of Moscow far, In green and golden glory gleaming, And shood where sleeps the mighty czar, By Neva's fleed so grandly streaming.

. I've stood on many a famous spot . Where blood of here a flowed like rivers, Where Deuzschland rose at Gravelotte. And dashed the strength of Gaul to shiven.

P've fed my eyes by land and sea, With sights of grandour streaming o'er me But sail my heart remains with thee,

Dear Scoutch land, that stoutly bore me. Oh, for the hand that here me! Oh, for the stout old land, With neighty Lon and winding glen, Sout Scottish land, my own dear land!

A DUOLOGUE.

- John Stuart Blackie

This is not a "problem story." . Neither ones it discuss the advantages or disadvantages of having "new women' in our midst. It is a true tale.

And it concerns a good man and a bad woman.

They would never have met if the London county council had comerinto existence a few year, ter than it did, because he saw her at t. Empire. The exact date was Ang. 25, and it was a very hog night.

The curtain had fallen on the last scene of the ballet. The man rose from his seat and walked across the promenade toward the bar.

He passed several women, but he did not pass her. He had no intention of stopping, still less of speaking, Yet, when he saw her, he stopped,

and when she stopped he spoke. I do not remember what he said. They sat down together at a little table. A waiter brought them a cup of black coffee and a whisky and soda.

fly drank the coffee. They talked, but again I cannot reaemher what they said: song. A woman on the promenade faint-

ed and was carried away. Then she said, "Well, are you com-

"No," he raplied, "I don't know why I stopped or why I spoke to you. I am not one of the crowd' here. I am not a performer in the 'Comedy of Life.' I am only an onlooker."

stared at him. "Then why I mayor told you . I do not know, Perhans I thought you looked out of

place here I film tean horn every evening for 19 maths. I cought not to look 'out of

Why old you come?" Do you expect me to answer that question in this building, surrounded

by these people;" "I am sorry. Of course not. It would resemble a performance by 'The Independent Theater society, 'I suppose?" "I had better go, then, if you do

"No; stay and talk. Are you happy?"

"Are you miscrable?" "I am not sure."

"Did you ever love anything?"

"What?" "Life-the trees and fields; the wild

moorlands; the sea; the birds that sing in the hedgerows; the cattle in the fields; the horses and dogs at the farms. Yes, I loved life. I loved to feel the wind blowing in my face; I loved to small the scent of the heather; I loved to hear the song of the mountain streams. Ha, had I'm almost poefic!

"That is all. Did you ever love anything?"

"Who?"

"No one-I mean only a dog." "Oh!"

"But he is dead." "Of conre.

"Why 'of course?"

"Because you loved him." The man lit a cigarette. "Do you be-

lieve in heaven?" "No; if I did, I should have been dead long ago. I am afraid to die because I. don't know what comes after death. I so long for-for peace-for something else-something beautifulsomething to love. Do not laugh."

"You are not a bad woman. "Yes, I am."

"Then you ought not to have been

"True. That is the ernel part of it." They watched the men and women promenading before them. Then the woman said, "It is a strange world."

The man did not asswer. He was stratego person. Where do you live? What do you do? How do you amuse yourself?"

"Oh, I live alone, quite alone, now my dog is dead. I watch people. Ilisten to what they say, and-I think."

What do you think?" "I think that when he-whoever 'he' is-created men and women he ought to have made them altogether gods or altogether animals. No one in the world is happy, because no one is ever certain whether he-or she-should live for the 'real' or for the 'ideal.' And therefore men decided to seek for both, to be sometimes good and sometimes bad, to play at being gods once a week and beasts twice a week-in fact, to live for the 'real' 6 | days out of the 7. And some of us, you know, cannot, as the saying goes, 'de things by halves,' We must be wholly one thing or the other. There is only the 'good' or 'bad.' There

is no 'modicere' for some of us. So we is use the choice to tate, and when fate has chosen for as after world rises and either crowns as with the laurel wreath or paints us with colors from the devil's palate. The world is so blind it cannot see that really we had no choice in the matter. I think sometimes fate makes a mistake. She grows weary sometimes and gives the 'good' where she ought to shave given the 'bad.' '

"She made a mistake when she chose for me. Say she made a mistakeplease."

"Sho made a mistake. I knew it the moment I saw your face. You were intended to show menthe path to heaven." "And I have only shown them' the road to"- .

"Hush. Come with me. Come home with me and rest. I live alone. I have never done any good in the world. I have never loved any one or helped any one. I am 'a good man.' It is not my fault. I was meant for 'a bad? But as fate made a mistake you can trust me. I will try to help you. I will try to make life beautiful for you. I will take you where the sea murmurs among the rocks, where the wind blows the scent of heather across the great wild moors. Come with me''-

The woman rose and gazed at the man with large, dreamy eyes. "What do you mean?"

"I am going to make life beautiful and peaceful and pure-for-you."

"Leave off dreaming," she whispered sharply: "Awake! Do you know where you are? Do you see the sort of people who surround us? This is no place for dreams! It is time to go-good night. See here-you have spoken strangely to me-you cannot understand what it means for a woman-like meto hear a man-like you-speak'as you have spoken. My God! Why didn't I meet you before?"

He laughed "Because fate made a mistake.

"Listen! You are a good man. Per haps you won't be one always-never mind the music-listen! When I'nf dead, tell the world what you have told me. Yes I know-it's nothing. That may be so, but tell, them what happen ed tonight and what I said. You are a good man, and you will do some good in the world, because good men are rare. Do as I've said, and you'll help us wemen. Goodby. You don't know what you've done for me tonight, what I feel -goodby! When I'm dead-don't forget. Oh, I am a fool to' -

The orchestra was playing "God Save the Queen," and the woman disappeared-into the crowd. The man watched the electric lights go ont. He lit a cigarette. Then some one told him it was time to leave the building. He ran out quickly into the street and searched for her, but she could not be found.

And all this happened some time ago, as I have said, and it is all quite true. And the man has not forgotten his promise. - Pall Mall Budget.

Phosphorescent Light. Some experiments have been made in France to determine the specific action of a considerable lowering of temperature upon the brilliancy of certain bodies which shine in the dark after having been exposed to sunlight. Tubes of glass filled with the powdered sulphides of calcium, barium, strontium, etc., all substances possessing the property of phosphorescence in a high degree, were exposed to the solar rays and afterward proved to be luminous in the dark, this being done in such a way as to fix upon the memory the mean value of the progressive diminution of the emitted light, and the time also was noted during which the light was strong, less strong and weak respectively. The tubes were next placed in bright sunlight for one minute and then suddenly introduced into a double walled glass cylinder, the interspace of which was filled with nitrous oxide at 140 degrees C. In about five or six minutes the temperature of the tubes was some 100 degrees. They were then withdrawn, and when observed in a perfectly dark chamber no luminosity whatever was perceptible. As the tubes recovered their normal temperature, however, the phosphorescence returned without the exciting agency of the sun's rays or of diffused light. These results were proved to be general for all phosphorescent substances employed. The experiments showed, too, that the production of the phosphorescent light requires a certain movement of the constituent molecules of bodies.

Bearing in mind that, as far as gen-

eral configuration goes, the ground plans of the present continent have been about the same, only an occasional bit of land having been topped off, as in England, the question arises, Is man an animal of the old world or of the new? If we descend from some anthropoidal ape, then that Asiatic or African monkey must have had a fair hand, and, above all else, a working thumb. Baboons run on all fours, but the gibbons, who are arboreal and live on fruits, have nicely developed thumbs and can pick a nut and shell it neatly. An American monkey has not these exact capabilities He does not depend on his hands to cling to a branch. He uses a fifth limb, which is his prehensile tail. The true gibbon is not, however, utterly a nut or fruit eater. If confined to that diet alone, a strictly vegetarian one, he pines. He likes eggs and devours small insects. Vary his diet in a menagerie, making him slightly omnivorous, and his condition improves. If not, then, for these arboreal ancestors, who had hands, we might never have been. We may then trace our origin from the old rather than from the new one, but we really know but little about the particulars. - New York Times.

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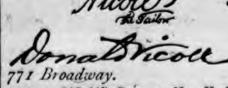
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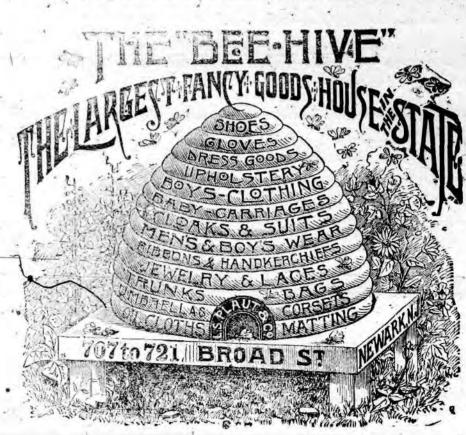
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